

VARSITY

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STUDENT PROGRAM DATA

[illegible]

We get anything we prepare
for, and nothing else.

Everything that happens is a sequence.

This happened today be-
cause you did that yesterday.

ELBERT HUBBARD

NAME

SCHOOL

CLASS
OR
GRADE

**TERM
ENDING**

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NAME OF GRADE ADVISOR _____

NAME OF PRINCIPAL

GENERAL DATA

ABSENT

LATE

It is with malice toward none and
with a feeling of generosity toward all
that I now write

The Autobiography

of

An Old Whaleman

George W. Smith

Because the true names of people and
places are from now on used, this auto-
biography is never to be ~~publicly~~ published.

Come one - Come all
Both great and small
Who answer to the name of Sailor
Lend a listening ear
And you shall hear
Of the Spermacetti whale.

Its first from port
Then comes the sport
Of fixing Irons and Lances
Each harpooner
Improves his gear
And trusts to Luck and Chances

While all the crew have much to do
In making the preparation
To boil out Spenn oil true
Which brings wealth to this Nation

I was born in the village of Russell's Mills, Dartmouth, Massachusetts October 4th 1855. I went to school to William Gifford. He put me up on top of the warm stove in my bare feet during my first term at school for punishment; which was increased in severity when I urinated on the stove top. My next teachers were Eldridge France, David H. Melville, Old Man Robbins, one legged Willard Slocum, Lucinda Kent, Judith Macomber and last but not least - Job S. Gidley whose hobby was (they said) writing Last Wills and Testaments for people, free of charge, but which usually ended with "And I bequeath the Sum, Rest and Residue of this Estate to Job S. Gidley"

I left school early in life to work for John O' Slocum, Asa Sherman and Seth Anthony. At first I received the magnificent sum of \$4.00 per month (with board) which was increased as I gained experience to 25 cents per day. I arose usually at the hour of 3.00 A.M. and before breakfast went to the sea shore (for a load of

sea weed) with an ox cart and yoke of oxen. I weighed about 100 pounds at this time but the woman I afterwards married often told me that I was 100 pounds of Devil then.

After breakfast we would work in the fields and about an hour before Sunset after a day spent at driving a horse cultivating corn or potatoes Otis would climax my day's labor with a gentle "George Willie, thee can now step over and get the cows!" Stepping Over - consisted of walking about a half mile through the woods to the pasture. If it had not been for these "step overs" I might never have gone whaling.

Foot wear in those days consisted of one pair of cow hide boots for use during the winter. These boots required massaging each night with tallow in order to make them waterproof. They would then be placed near the fireplace and when the fire died down during the night the boots would stiffen up accordingly and by morning would be as unyielding as boards.

until warmed by my boyish feet. Summer time was "Bare Foot Time" and I nursed many a stone bruise back to health by an application of a hog jaw marrow poultice.

I went on my first voyage "Whaling" when I was 16 years old in the Bark "Abraham Barker" with Captain Alden Potter of Dartmouth. All of my older brothers were at sea. Horace was out in the "Triton" and I did not see him for 10 or 12 years. When he was at sea - I was at home and when he was at home - I was at sea!

I shipped before the mast as a greenhand. Charles Keith of Mattapoisett was first mate. Sam Bervy of Long Island was second mate. (He however left the ship at Fayal.) Reuben Howland of Dartmouth was third mate, while Bill Lee a Shinnecock Indian from Long Island went along as a boat steerer.

With me before the mast was Sam Hazzard of Westport, Mass. Oliver Head from Adamsville Rhode Island, Edward Snow from Battle Creek

Michigan, and James Alfred (better known as "Rags") from Chicago Illinois. A Peruvian fellow was Cook and the steward was Billy Perkins from Rochester Massachusetts. The last time I heard from Billy he was a boat header in a church - I don't remember just where. Captain Potter's wife "Ellie" and two children namely a son Henry and a daughter Carrie also sailed on the "Abraham Barber".

We left New Bedford on the 16th of May 1871. A minister by the name of Roberts went down the Bay with us to wish us "Bon Voyage" under Divine Guidance. I remember that he came forward and told me that I was going to have a nice time but I replied that as I viewed the situation he could have my whack of it and sail in my place if he cared to do so. This statement was not induced by a feeling of homesickness or seasickness either. I guess the youths of that day were just as "hard boiled" and impertinent as those of the present era.

Oliver Head from Adamsville had sailed 10 days previously in the Bark "Adeline Gibbs"; had been caught in a gale and dismasted. The skipper Captain Cleveland had died and the first mate had worked her back to Cuttyhunk Island, under Jury Mast Rig, bringing the Captain's remains wrapped in blankets and preserved by a plentiful external application of Jamaica Rum. Nothing daunted, Oliver shipped over on the "Barber".

The first port we entered was Fayal da Horta in the Azore Islands where Sam Berry left the ship. Captain Potter advanced the officers. From Fayal we went to the Bay of Islands at New Zealand. Here we shipped a new second mate, Mr. William Wood of Russell's Mills Dartmouth Mass. Mr. Howland also left the ship at this port. He was ill when he went ashore and on a voyage home died while the ship was rounding Cape Horn and was buried at sea.

From the Bay of Islands we cruised around the Friendly Islands after the so

Called Humpback whales. We spent one season at Harpie and two at Tongadaboo. It was here that Mr. Wood died from heart trouble while "fast" to a female whale or "cow". He darted his lance into the whale however as his last act and with the whale spouting thick blood - died quietly after saying to his boatsteerer "Don't mind me - I am all right now!"

He was buried the next day August 5th and it was here that I had my first taste of "missionary meat" and the taste lingered for a long time in my mouth. You see the regular missionary there was named Baker. He refused to give his services for Mr. Wood's funeral by saying that he was too busy to come. This necessitated a whaleboat manned by its regular crew rowing 12 to 15 miles to the other end of the Island where another missionary named Greenwood willingly offered his services and returned with us in the whaleboat.

The cemetery is situated on a hill about

half a mile from the shore and on the way up we passed Mr. Baker buying "Copra" from the natives; too busy to stop long enough to bury a whiteman. The Kanaka girls marched up to the cemetery with us carrying baskets of white sand with which they covered the grave; thus blanketing it with a mantle of white and it is as white to-day no doubt because the Kanakas are that way and white coral sand is cheap and plentiful on Tongadaboo. In this same cemetery was buried a Mr. Swain of the full rigged ship "Milton" and one other white man's grave was there - covered with garlands of flowers and white coral sand.

The crews of the following ships attended Mr. Woods funeral. Those of the "Vigil", "Coral", "Callao" and the English man of war "Challenger". They lowered their boats and formed a funeral cortege - thus carrying the body ashore in real sea going style.

From the "Friendly Islands" to back home in New Bedford it was a mere 4,680 miles and

we sperm whaled it all the way home. We arrived there on the 16th day of September 1875. Three of the original crew of greenhorns that shipped in New Bedford were still "before the mast" when we returned. I was one of the three. Rags and Sam Hazzard were the other two.

Looking back at my first voyage now, I will say that the "Friendly Islands" did not belie their name, in those days, for the natives made a drink they called "Kava". It was prepared by chewing up the Kava root, (*Piper methysticum*) according to Doctor Hansen, in the mouth and the women did all of the chewing. They spat out their cuds into a wooden dish shaped a great deal like our old fashioned New England "chopping trays". These expectorated cuds were treated with water and sweet fruit juices and the mixture was allowed to ferment. The liquid was then strained through a grass sieve. The filtered drink was light yellow in color but very potent. It paralyzed some

of the nerves and muscles in the human body but the mind remained perfectly clear. A man who sampled too much Karva lost his ability to navigate or steer a straight course but his chronometer kept right on ticking. He is able to think clearly and sensibly but his legs and arms just simply refuse to function. I know this from experience!

How was the food on the voyage you ask with no refrigeration or fresh meat obtainable from nearby stores? Why it was exceptionally good! It consisted of Lob-Sconse, cracker hash, salt horse, swankye etc "Salt Horse" was salted beef and the sailors soon made up a rhyme. The first verse of which went as follows: -

Old Horse, Old Horse, how came you here?
You carted stone for many a year
Until at last through bad abuse
You were salted down for Sailors use.

The Sailors You - they do despise
They eat your meat
~~Etc Etc Etc Etc Etc Etc~~

But leave your eyes -

But make a soup out of your bones
And throw the rest to Davy Jones.

While humpbacking we enjoyed the luxury of yam soup made by boiling yams in salted water and adding grease drippings from the "Gally". After swallowing all the yam soup you could "lay to" you were supposed to be gastronomically equipped to drop a whale boat down into the water and go whaling. If lucky enough to kill a whale you had the pleasure of helping to tow it tail first to the ship which might be a distance of from six to ten miles.

Hard bread? Oh! we had plenty of that. It was full of worms. No one minded the white worms because they would float out when you soaked your "hard tack" in your mug of hot coffee or you could pound your biscuit on the windlass and the worms would come out to see what the noise was all about but those little black devils refused to be dislodged by any means available and I

have consumed thousands with no resulting trouble in my digestive organs.

Good lob-scouse will hold its heat like a poultice and I remember filling up a Kanaka's Tappa or loin cloth with some. It commenced to burn his belly and in diving over the side into the sea for relief he spilled considerable of it on the side of the "Abram Barker". I got a work up job for my share in the incident. In fact our anchor chain was well clipped and our decks were well "holy stoned" when we got back to New Bedford due to my so called "work up duty" imposed on me by the worthy Captain Potter in return for some like trick of my ingenuity. Unfortunately for me I was generally caught in the act of commission as I was with the Kanaka and so had no alibi to offer.

Sure we caught some whales on this voyage in the "Barker". The first sperm whale we got was off Korro in the Western Islands. He made 13 barrels of oil. We struck him about sunset; worked on him until dark; stood by him in our whale boat all

night and finished killing him in the morning. Twenty years later I could have killed this whale in a few minutes by the use of the then perfected bomb gun.

Tongadaboo was a great place for fishing and the Kanakas were as good at swimming as any of the fishing tribe. Give a Kanaka a sheif knife and throw him overboard into the water with a man eating shark for a companion and you soon had a shark with his belly ripped open and the Kanaka back on deck alive and smiling, untouched by the shark's rushes. When a fishing line became accidentally entangled on a projecting spur of coral its owner would simply slip over the side and swim down into the depths and clear his gear. I have seen them remove a live fish from such an entangled line and bring the fish to the surface rather than go to the trouble of pulling up the line for rebaiting.

I have seen all kinds of sharks. Off the coast of Peru and Kodiak Island I have seen bone sharks 30 feet long that would provide 10 to 15 barrels of

shark oil if tried out." We caught them with a whale iron bent onto a short warp about 3 fathoms long. As soon as you get fast to one you want to pull right up onto him and hold his head up for if they once get started down they will take you and your gear to thunder! Off the coast of Africa I have seen ordinary "Ground Sharks" 15 to 20 feet long and so many of them in the water at one time that if you left a whale alongside the ship all night you would have nothing left to "cut in" when morning came. No Captain likes to have a shark follow his ship. Not because of the superstition that such a convoy produces bad luck but because of what might happen to anyone who fell overboard. The treatment we used on an unwelcome shark visitor was to dangle a bright pail or sauce pan in the "wake" of the ship and when Mr. Shark came up to see what the bright something was, dart an iron into him and haul him on board.

Do I remember my return from my first voyage whaling? I most certainly do!

We made the land on the back side of Martha's Vineyard about 7 or 8 o'clock at night. The next morning Captain Potter decided to signal for a Pilot by firing an old cannon which was carried on board so that if the whale boats got out of sight of the ship, while chasing whales, the location of the ship could be determined from the direction of the sound when the cannon was fired. This cannon was loaded with black powder made into so called "powder balls", which consisted of Captain Potter's cast off socks well darned and patched to hold the powder. I was notified to load the cannon and unbeknown to anyone I crammed her full of dush and rags and added a goodly portion of sand from the tryworks to make her speak. She spoke all right! As soon as breakfast was over I pointed her out through the "hause pipe" and touched her off with a red hot poker from the galley stove. The next thing I knew there was an explosion and I was laying on the deck.

While laying there I said to myself. "Georgie, you wasn't cut out for no gunners mate in the Navy and I guess you better leave this Dam Cannon alone!" When I got onto my feet again there wasn't any cannon. The "house pipe" was split and all there was left of the cannon was a ring of iron dancing around on the breech rope.

A Portuguese member of the crew that we had nick named "Abram Babee" was jumping around and hollering "Oha yea! Oh mio my! Oh yea! mio primerio di in America!" I said "Shut up yer dam fool you aint got to America yet!" I felt sorry for the poor cuss however when an examination of his person produced a damaged wrist from coming in contact with a piece of the broken cannon. Another piece flew aft and went through the cabin skylight. If the Pilot boats had not put in a sudden appearance I think George Willie Smith would have had considerable explaining to do and some more "work up" jobs coming to him.

Hiram Luce was the Pilot's name. Captain Potter hailed him with "Are you a Branch Pilot?" "I am sir!" replied Luce. "Can you take this ship into the Port of New Bedford?" asked Potter. "I can sir!" answered Luce. "If it comes in thick fog?" inquired Captain Potter. "Thick or Thin - Rain or Shine I don't give a damn!" roared Mr. Luce. "Come on board" invited Captain Potter. The Pilot boat came alongside and Hiram Luce came in over the rail as nimbly as a monkey. Another Pilot named Holder Allen was also chasing us but Luce was the first "to speak us". When Allen saw Luce come on board he gave up the chase, tacked and stood back towards the Island of Cuttyhunk.

We docked in New Bedford at 5 or 6 o'clock in the afternoon and as no real sailor ever walked home I followed the custom of hiring a horse and buggy and in an hour or so I was back in my native village. No one seemed to be at home. Everybody was down

at the Church listening to "The Second Christ" otherwise known as Ansell Bourne. That is what he said he was but some people didn't believe him. My father and mother were more pleased to see me than to see and hear the second edition of Jesus Christ so leaving the church we rode up home together in fitting style and I was one proud boy.

The next day my father and I went over to New Bedford to settle up for my share in the voyage. We got 2100 bbls of ~~Humpback~~^{Spermaceti} whale oil and 1,900 bbls of Humpback whale oil. We did not go "Right Whaling". For the voyage of 52 months I received three hundred and seventy odd dollars; having shipped for the $\frac{1}{225}$ th lay, or in other words, 1 barrel out of every 225 was mine! Captain Potter however was a fair minded man and wishing to reward me for my good work, very generously paid me off at the $\frac{1}{200}$ th lay rate.

My next voyage was made in the Bark "Swallow" with Captain Tom Ellis as master. Holder Slocum from Russell's Mills was 1st Mate. Bill Lee of "Abram Barker Days" was 2nd Mate. John Tobey was 3rd mate. A Braro rigger by the name of Culdeen went as 4th mate. Everybody on the ship called him "Clowden". We sailed in April 1876. I had spent the winter at home (and my money also). It took a lot of money to go rabbit hunting, quailing, sea-fording and fox hunting.

In the Bark "Swallow" we cruised in the North and South Atlantic Oceans. Our first Port to go into was again Fayal in the Azore Islands. From here we went to Teneriffe, Canary Islands and then South to Recife Plate off the Coast of Brazil. On the Recife Plate whaling grounds I saw more lightning and heard more thunder in 3 or 4 months than in my whole life previously. From the Recife Plate we cruised North again onto the so-called

Western Ground; going in to Fayal again in August. Then we went South to St. Catherine's Island where Mrs. Ellis went ashore as motherhood was approaching. From St. Catherine's we cruised to the Red Hatte again returning for Mrs. Ellis the following February. We went into St. Catherine's early as we had heard that Timothy Howland had arrived there to relieve Captain Ellis. Mr. C. N. Swift of New Bedford for whom the "Swallow" sailed, sent him out on account of Mrs. Ellis's determination to be with her husband. Mr. Swift was one of those Reformers who said "a whaleship is no place for a woman even if she is the Captain's wife!"

This time at St. Catherine's nearly all the crew left the ship as an exhibition of their feelings in regard to the change of shippers. Although Tom Ellis and his wife Anna had been friends of mine all through my boyhood days, which to me now seemed past, I bade them a fond good bye, stuck by the ship and cleared for Fayal da Horta with Captain Timmie.

At Fayal we shipped some men to replace those who left the ship in St. Catherine's and then sailed to Santa Cruz, Flores Island. From Flores we cruised on the Commodore Morris ground. This whaling ground was discovered by Jake Howland in the old ship "Commodore Morris". He returned with a ship full of oil and for a few years the name "Commodore Morris Ground" was on every whaleman's tongue. Later on steamers and ocean liners crossing this area scared the sperm whales away for good.

Not finding whales here as plentiful as he expected, Captain Timmie returned to Flores. He said that he was sick and was suffering from a shock. I told him that I was also somewhat shocked and sick from so little whaling and so damned much sailing! The men we had previously shipped here, all went ashore and finally Captain Timmie, greatly discouraged, gave up the ship, went on board of the "Mississippi" and returned home. His place was

taken by Ferdinand Lee (Bill Lee's Brother). Shipping
gone new hands, we left Flores and started for
home; arriving there safely in September 1878
having been gone about 29 months. We got 1,100 to
1,200 barrels of Spermoil. To me it was not a very
successful voyage from a financial viewpoint as
I had less money coming to me now than when
I returned before the mast in the "Barber" and I
was now a full fledged "Boatsteuer".

The most memorable experience of this voyage
occurred when I fell from the mainmast "look out
position". It was a vertical distance of 118 feet. It
happened in this manner; I was in the "crows
nest" standing a mast head watch looking for
whales. The hoops were too tall for me because
when I placed my arms over the top of the hoops
my feet could just touch the main topmast "cross
trees" so I leaned back against the main topmast
shrouds and backstay; took things comfortable
and looked out underneath the rings scanning
the horizon for a "spout" or signs of a "white water".

Maybe I fell asleep or maybe I got too interested in watching the Bark "Lancer" off our lee beam. Any way - the "Swallow" gave an unexpected roll and I found myself falling through space. My first thought was to grab some rope, stay or something on my way down and I seemed to strike plenty as I bounded from stays to spanning lines and from spanning lines and stays to the top of the Cabin house. Here I met with unexpected good fortune. A new whaleboat had been rolled bottom up on the top of the house and a whaleboat was planked with $\frac{1}{2}$ " cedar boards over $\frac{1}{2}$ " x $\frac{3}{4}$ " white oak ribs. I landed on this boat squarely on my buttocks, smashing in the bottom of the boat. There was enough rebound in those native white oak ribs and white cedar planking to bounce me up into the air again and drop me down onto the deck. Striking the deck hurt me more than striking that boat and neither seemed to be extra soft.

Mr. Tobey who was in charge of the watch on deck at the time cried out "For Christ's sake Captain Ellis, come on deck! Smith has fell from mast head!" Captain Ellis hearing the noise and commotion over his head was already on his way up the companionway and when he arrived on deck was whiter in the face than I was. While somewhat shook up and dazed I wished to stay on deck but they insisted on helping me "down below" and putting me in my bunk. The next day I was a little lame and sore but otherwise uninjured. The following day I went aloft again and resumed "my trick" in the "crows nest" but I hung on with one hand for myself and the other one for the owners.

I next shipped as 3rd Mate on the "Ohio the 2nd". She was called "O" at each end and "High" in the middle. Tom Ellis's cousin William was Captain. Charles Childs went as 1st mate. A Shinnecock Indian called M. Leazer was 2nd mate. The 4th mate was called Harrington. We left New Bedford in November 1878. The first port we went into was Montevideo. Once more I was on the "Rex Platte" country. From here we cruised south and found some large whales off the coast of Patagonia. We returned to New Bedford in November 1881.

This voyage as I remember it was rather uneventful as we whaled it "about all the time to make up for the yachting trip I had enjoyed under Captain Timmie. My first mail from home arrived 8 or 9 months after my leaving. I was further from home then than was Admiral Byrd when he was at the South Pole. There was no wireless or radio on whale ships in those days. We made a good voyage. I was paid off at some where around 1,200 dollars. We had taken

close to 2,100 barrels of Right Whale oil and from
1,000 to 1,100 barrels of Sperm oil. For the first
time in my life I had more money than I knew
what to do with. My mother and father needed
some financial assistance - and they certainly
got it!

In July 1882 I sailed in the Bark Lancer as 2nd mate. A name plate now hangs in the rooms of the Whaling Museum on Johnny Cape Hill in New Bedford, Mass. Captain Albert Lewis was in command. He was known by the name of "Whispering Lewis" because his deep pitched voice could be heard from mast head, for a distance of 3 miles on a calm day, if he became a little excited or vexed over an officers good or bad judgment when approaching a whale.

James S. Harper was 1st mate. Horace Reed was 3rd mate. Antone Almeda was 4th mate although Captain Lewis always said that he did not have any 4th mate. I remember that Almeda wishing to head a watch approached Captain Lewis on the subject before we had "been out" very many hours from New Bedford. Captain Lewis listened to his request in the after cabin. He looked at Almeda solemnly for a few moments and then bellowed "Who in Hell ever said you was the 4th mate on this ship? Get on deck and

get there in a hurry!"

The bread served at our first meal at sea after leaving New Bedford was exceedingly good and Captain Lewis was congratulating himself upon having obtained such a fine cook when his contemplations were rudely interrupted by the cook poking his head into the cabin and saying "Excuse me Captain but have we any Horsford's Prepared Bread Flour on board?" "Horsford's Prepared Bread Flour?" roared the Captain. "You son of a gun of a sea cook! You never made any bread in your life! That woman you lived with in New Bedford made that bread we have been eating! I surmised it! I suspected it! And now By God I know it! But it's too late. Get your duds together in a hurry and get for'ard into the fore 'c'sle and be dam quick about it!"

Our next cook was black in color and dirtier than he was black but a much better cook than the first one. He nick named Captain Lewis "Oh By God" on account of his profanity. One Sunday morning he was reproached by Captain Lewis for his

dirty feet and general run down appearance. Captain Lewis ordered a couple of sailors to give the cook a rather rough but thorough bath using sand soap and a piece of sail cloth. After directing the scrubbing in person Captain Lewis ordered the cook to go below and to dress himself up in the best clothes he had.

His second appearance on deck evoked peals of laughter from the man at the wheel and the watch on deck. I hid behind the after house myself for the nigger was clad in the most colorful raiment I have ever seen on a human being. On his head perched a black derby hat. His coat fitted snugly and was bright scarlet. His pants were green in color and on his feet were the largest and yellowest pair of shoes I have ever seen on a man. Where he had collected this outfit I never found out.

On his way to the galley he met the Captain. "Whom I tell are you?" roared Lewis "Do you belong on this ship?" "Yes sir! Yes sir! Stam-

nered the cook, bowing and scraping as if he was before a King. "Yes sir! I am - I am the cook!" "The Hell you are!" answered Captain Lewis. "You look like a God damned monkey! Get into the galley and keep clean hereafter or By God! I'll take that black skin off of you!" "Yes Sir, Yes Sir, answered the cook and backing into the galley, bowing and scraping his feet, he upset a bucket of dried beans. When I later went by the galley he was sitting on the floor with his bare feet stuck under the store, his shoes tied around his neck, gathering up his beans with his big black hands.

Our first port of entry was Fayal. From here we went around Cape Horn and in April or May 1883 we arrived in Talcahuana, Chile. The whale men always called the place "Turkey Wanna". We cruised off the coast of Chile and then returned to New Bedford in August 1886. We had been gone about 49 months.

This was my second time to "double round" Cape Horn as we returned that way in the old

"Abram Barker". The weather in this section of the globe is often stormy with gales, fog, snow squalls etc. We were rounding Cape Horn and I remember that neither myself or Captain Lewis had worked a "Sun Sight" for several days as no sun had been visible. We had run by "dead reckoning" using compass, log, and lead line. One morning we "spoke" a British Man o' War and from the navigating officer received a "true fix" of this position on the chart. I took the Latitude and Longitude, the Englishman so kindly gave us down below to Captain Lewis. He gazed steadily at the figures for a long period of time and then exploded with "I don't know where in Hell he is but I know where I am! My figures are about the same as yours aren't they Smith?" "Yes Sir!" I answered. Lewis hesitated for a few moments and then roared "Give them to that man o' war's man and hold your course! I wouldn't change it now if the whole God Dammed English Navy came along and said we were wrong!" I did as Captain

Lewis ordered me to do and we did not run ashore on Cape Horn or see it either.

Captain Lewis was troubled with heart trouble complicated with dropsical diffusion. Mr. Harper died when we were about $2\frac{1}{2}$ years out from home and was buried at sea. We tried to get to Joan Fernandes or Robinson Crusoe's Island so that we could bury him on shore, but head winds prevented us from doing so. Upon Harper's death I was put in 1st mate. The other officers remained as they were. From Talcahuana to New Bedford Captain Lewis was able to come on deck only two or three times. I had to do the navigating and work the ship home.

In Talcahuana we shipped a 3 fingered man as steward. He was soon nicknamed "Three Finger Jack". He and Captain Lewis did not get along together very well and when out from Talcahuana four or five months I was suddenly taken sick while down in a boat whaling. I vomited - blue, green and yellow and felt very weak. Not having strength enough to kill the whale

we were fast to with a lance; I shot him with a shoulder gun bomb and went on board. Captain Lewis gave me an emetic and a dose of physic I soon recovered! Three weeks or so later, after my attack, Captain Lewis was suddenly afflicted with the same symptoms.

It was right after breakfast and I soon heard quite a commotion in the ship's pantry. The mugs and dishes were flying around and between the sound of blows being struck I could hear Captain Lewis's deep pitched voice saying "So you will poison me eh? You will - will you? You blackguard! You murdering son of a sea cook! You will poison me? Will you? I ain't dead yet! Not by a damn sight! Where is the rest of this poison? Show me where it is or By God I'll kill you! You damned wharf rat!!"

I have always found it to be a good policy for a ship's officer to mind his own business but when called for by Captain Lewis I went in a hurry. As I went through the doorway into the pantry

here is the picture that met my eye. Kneeling on the floor and begging for mercy was the steward. Standing over him was irate Captain Lewis, brandishing a heavy gold headed cane in his right hand and holding a small package in his left. "Here is what the matter was with you M. Smith and here is the son of a bitch that gave it to you!" stated Captain Lewis. The steward turned a pair of beseeching eyes toward me and said "Thes' powder - she no keel - just make sick like Hell!" "I'll kill you!" interrupted Captain Lewis "Get out of here and into the fore c'dle!"

The steward certainly made good time in climbing the companionway stairs. He was helped along by a lusty whack of the Captain's cane across his shoulders and when beyond arms reach, Captain Lewis shifted to an air attack and hurled his cane up the companionway after the departing steward.

We brought into New Bedford 2,800 barrels of sperm oil. Pilot Russell Rotch from Cuttyhunk Island "spoke" us and brought us in.

My next voyage was in the same ship. This time I went as 1st mate with Captain Joseph Whiteside. John Miles was 2nd mate. The 3rd mate was a Portuguese fellow named Fortes. The 4th mate's name was Manuel Johns. We cleared from New Bedford in the Spring of 1887. Our first port of call was Honolulu. From here we went to the Arctic Ocean after Bowhead whales. We captured 8 and it was the first time in the Arctic Ocean for me.

I guess The Grinn Reaper shipped with us because we buried the 3rd mate the same day we got in sight of the Arctic ice. He was buried at sea. Again in the month of July Captain Whiteside made this entry in his log book! -

Dan McCray
Died To-day
Buried Right away
At Cape Lisbon

Having no blasting powder available we dug down into the frozen ground as deeply as we could and piled stones and debris over

the body. It was a cold damp resting place but returning to the spot in later years I found the grave exactly as we left it.

In my opinion Daniel was scared to death. He was down in a boat whaling with Mr. Niles when they got stove badly by a whale. Mr. Niles cut the line thus freeing the boat from the whale but McCray never recovered from the experience. A few days later upon hearing the lookout in the "crows nest" sing out "Blows, "Blows", "There she blows"! McCray ran down below and diving into his bunk began to tremble and cry. He was like that until he died a few days later. He lost all interest in life and we did not force him to do any work. Perhaps it would have been better for him if we had. He wanted nothing much to eat or drink and did not sleep well although he complained of no aches or pains.

He returned to San Francisco in November 1887 and I came East across the United States to New Bedford on my first long rail road ride. From

the 8 whales we obtained about 15,000 to 16,000 lbs of whalebone.

Coming out of Behring Straits South of Fox Island we ran into the worst gale of wind I experienced during my life at sea. We lost 4 whale boats, carrying away Darts, Boats and everything clean. Our 5th boat was stove up beyond repair. Even the spare boats carried on top of the after house were smashed and washed overboard.

A man at the wheel called "Patsy" went crazy with fright and thinking that the ship was going to capsize, jumped into a stove boat and drifted off astern, kneeling in the bow and praying for deliverance. A huge sea soon broke over him and we saw our shipmate - no more! The Cooper broke one or two of his ribs when a sea came on board and smashed him up against the side of the cabin. I like to get what few brains I possessed bashed out when our foremast snapped off at the cap and swung back and forth from side to side, just clear of my head as I

hacked away at the entangled stays and shrouds. We threw overboard 20 barrels of oil in 12 hours, one quart at a time, to keep the seas from breaking over us. In 24 hours (all together) we weathered the gale and swung her off again for "Frisco"!

We did not see the ship's cook for 2 whole days. It was no fit time to engage in the making of cakes and pies.

On February 20th 1888 I left New Bedford to go to Honolulu by the way of San Francisco to join the "Lancer" again as Boat Wader. I was beginning to get acquainted with the old Bark. Captain Joseph Whiteside was in command. Jack Freeman went as 1st mate, Jack Edwards 2nd mate, Dan Harris 3rd mate, Isaac Braley 4th mate. When I got out to San Francisco I was offered a chance by Captain Albert Sherman to sail up to the Ice in the steam

Whaler "Bebridere". I accepted his kind offer and joined the old sailing Bark "Lancer" at the Ice. This voyage was very uneventful; we got 7 Bowhead whales and returned to San Francisco in November 1888.

I spent the winter in Frisco and in the Spring of 1889 sailed as 1st mate in the steam whaler "Bebridere" with Captain Phil Cook. This was my first voyage on a steam whaler. A Mr. Williams was 2nd mate, Sam Varnum 3rd mate, Joe Almeida 4th mate. Tom Gifford went as Boat Header. We captured 3 whales during the Arctic Season and then instead of going to Honolulu to refit, we went to Ascension, Pohnpe, Siam, Guam, Seypan and Tinian. I spent a very pleasant few months here among the friendly Kanaka people. We returned to San Francisco in 1889.

This time while at home in my native village of Russell's Mills I married an old school mate of mine Harriett Rossiter Wood.

In the Spring of 1890 I sailed from San Francisco in the Bark "Tammerlane" for a cruise "Right whaling" on the Kodiak grounds and "Bowheading" in the Arctic Ocean. I went as Boat Header. William Shockley was Captain. A Mr. Ludlow went as 1st mate. We had no 2nd mate so I took that job in addition to being a Boat Header who was not supposed to have to "stand a watch". Joe King Vargas was 3rd mate, "Dirty Dan" Harris was 4th mate. A Mr. William Wilbur also went as a "Boat Header".

On the Kodiak grounds we got 9 Right whales from which we obtained nearly 17,000 lbs. of Right whale bone. We also picked 200 barrels of Sperm whale oil. From Kodiak we went to Unalakleet and shipped our Right whale bone home. We sailed from Unalakleet for somewhere in the Arctic Ocean. We captured 2 Bowhead whales but lost the first whale we struck.

Mr. Wilbur "lowered" and started chasing this particular whale. It was cold and the sea was very rough. The whale acted very mean, running fast to windward and "sounding" often. Finally Mr.

Wilbur got near enough to the whale to use a bomb gun on him. This finished the whale; killing him in such a quick manner that he sank immediately and they pulled the "toggle iron" or "harpoon" out of the whale trying to get the carcass up to the surface. Had the sea been smoother and the weather less cold we could probably saved the whale by sending down another iron on a jib hank weighted down with an Anvil or anchor as a messenger. Then with 2 irons ^{in the whale} and 2 lines fast to the whale perhaps 2 boats could have got the dead whale up to the surface of the water.

Captain Shockley in a joking manner criticized Mr. Wilbur, when he came on board ship for killing the whale so suddenly. Stammering and sputtering through his monstade Mr. Wilbur replied "Ye-es I k-k-killed him q-q-q-quick all right! Did-d-d-n't know I was such a q-q-q-q-ood whaleman an' I would a-a-a-billed the son of a bitch before he cated me all over the Arctic Ocean if I could have. I got p-r-r-r-itty dam tired of."

being drenched by spray that froze where it struck
and the sides of the boat is dam near wore out
from being dragged through so much "spoosh ice".
Gee-e-e-s Captain I'd ever killed him before I did
if I could have!"

We got the "Tammerlane" back to 'Frisco in
the Fall of 1890

Years afterward Captain Shockley and a com-
panion went fishing in a skiff, off the Horseneck Beach
5 miles from my home. By dark they had not re-
turned. The next morning they were found several
miles to the Eastward. The skiff had become en-
tangled in the gear of a fish trap. In the skiff
were the bodies of Captain Shockley and his friend -
Dead! What took place aboard of that skiff
during the afternoon and the dark hours of the
night - Nobody actually knows!

The next Spring in 1891 I shipped in the steam whaler "William Lewis" as Boathead. There was another mouth in my family now to feed, as a son had been born to me, and I determined then and there if he ever talked of going whaling for a living that I would try to whale the idea out of him.

Albert Sherman went as master. Kanaka John Gilly was 1st mate. Bull Greenwood was 2nd mate. Joe Merrill went as 3rd mate.

I kind of liked the idea of going as a Boat header because a Boat header had nothing to do but to stand mast head watches and lower for whales. This kind of a life suited me to a Tee, as it was more fun than shooting rabbits and I had no responsibility placed upon me by having to do any navigating or "working ice" but I must admit that I helped out at both more often than not.

When we sailed we put to sea in a ship only 3 years old and all ready \$30,000 in debt. We got 2 Bowheads. One was a "Stinker" or a floating dead whale. We sent our bone down to

Frisco on the steam whaler "Behidere". In October we were wrecked on Point Barrow. An entry in my log describes it tersely!

"Saturday Oct 3, 1891. This day begins with strong North East winds. At 9.35 A.M. we lowered for whales. At 12.00 noon we came on board. Blowing Hard! Stood into the Ice. At 3.30 P.M. kept off steering S.W. At about 8.00 o'clock P.M. struck on Pt. Barrow. At 1.30 AM Sunday morning we began to make water fast. Wind blowing hard and surf heavy!"

"Sunday Oct 4, 1891. At about 10.00 A.M. I left the ship to go on board the "Behidere" got to her about 11.30. Sent back 3 boats for food and men. At about 3.30 P.M. all hands left the wrecked "William Lewis" and took passage on the "Behidere". The "William Lewis" will be a total loss. A very sad day for us all."

The "Behidere" stood to the westward and on Wednesday October 7th we raised the "Tammerlane". My diary says "At 5.00 P.M. raised a Bark; the "Tammerlane" but the Captain would

not take a man on board. Velly goody man! He much velly good!"

The next day we joined the fleet at Herald Island. Here the crew of the "William Lewis" was divided up among the remaining ships. I went on board the "Northern Light" a sailing bark commanded by Captain Simmons. Hod Tower was 1st. mate. A Mr. Butler was 2nd mate. He died soon after I went on board and I took his place to help out. The whaling season was practically over so we returned to San Francisco, arriving there on Thursday Nov 5th 1891.

In the Spring of 1892 I left Honolulu on March 23rd for a cruise to the North Pacific and Arctic Ocean in the whaling bark "California". Captain Giles Sloan went as master. This voyage was rather unsuccessful. As I remember it about all we did was to look for whales and patch up the sides of the old "California" as is evidenced by the following

entries in my diary.

Tuesday May 3rd 1892

" At 4.20 A.M. a cake of ice came up against our rudder and the eyebolts on the quarter gave away. The rudder went hard over to Port carrying away 2 or 3 pintles. Worked until 1.30 P.M. before we got the rudder amidships again."

Wednesday May 4th 1892

At about 1.30 A.M. the ice squeezed us up pretty hard amidships and at 4.30 A.M. found we had about 5 feet of water in the hold. Pumped ship until 7.30 A.M. Leaking now about 4 inches an hour"

Thursday May 5th 1892

" At 4.00 A.M. the ice store in the timbers on the Port side abreast the try works. Also store in several casks in the "ground tier". Bailed with steam and hand pumps. Pumped until 11.00 P.M. Shored up the damaged side as well as possible. Leaking about 6 inches per hour."

Saturday May 7th 1892

About 3.15 A.M. the ice crushed in the starboard side of the old California. Pumped steadily until 8.00 o'clock

then put in shoring and cut away the ice. This eased her some. Leaking now about 3 inches an hour. The 3rd officer of the "Sea Breeze" and 3 men came on board. They had got caught on the ice about 5 miles away.

Tuesday June 14th 1892

Anchored at Indian Point. Took off our rudder to fix it. All but one pintle being broken or worn out. At 5.30 P.M. rehung our rudder but it did not work right.

Thursday June 16th 1892.

Still at Indian Point. Took our rudder off again to file the pintles. When slipping it we lost the rudder overboard. It sunk but we grappled it up and hung it.

Sunday Oct 9th 1892

At daylight the "Jesse Freeman" ran down and spoke us. She reported that they had the only survivor of the crew of the "Helen Mas" on board who said she was lost on the night of the 6th in a sudden gale of wind. He got onto a cake of ice and floated around on it until rescued. The poor cuss must have had a cold ride. Bet he was glad to get aboard.

the Jesse Freeman

The last entry in my diary for this voyage reads as follows: -

Saturday Nov 12, 1892

"At 7.00 P.M. passed Point Bonita bound in through the Golden Gate to San Francisco Harbor."

At 10.30 A.M. Wednesday March 15, 1893 I pulled up the anchor of the Brig W. H. Meyers in San Francisco Harbor and left for a cruise as 1st mate in the North Pacific and Arctic Ocean. Captain Benjamin Cleveland went as Master. Joseph Almeida was 2nd mate. Dirty Dan Harris was 4th mate.

The tug left us at about 2.00 P.M. off the Whistling Buoy. Wind about West; light and variable but with quite a heavy swell from the S.W.

On Sunday Mar. 19, 1893 I made this entry in my diary: "Day begins with thick, nasty weather. At

9.00 P.M. took in light sails. A man fell overboard from off the fore yard but threw him a rope and hauled him back on board again. Could not afford to lose a man this early on a voyage."

On Saturday April 15th I added this entry to my diary: "Have been gone a month from San Francisco and have not had one day of fair wind since we left."

On May 3, 1893 a most important (to me) entry in my diary states: "Fine weather, light breeze from N.E. steering NW x N $\frac{1}{2}$ N. After supper I smoked my last cigar and shaved off my moustache."

On Wednesday May 10, we got a bowhead whale. My diary says: "This day begins with a light breeze from the N.W. Brig is in a hole in the ice. At 11.30 A.M. lowered Larboard boat and struck a bowhead. He knocked me overboard and ran in under the ice and died there. At 11.30 P.M. we got him out and alongside the ship. Made him fast and sent all hands below."

It has been a long day for us all!"

We returned to San Francisco with 4 bowhead whales for a seasons catch. I summed up the voyage on Wednesday Nov 8th as follows: - Day begins with thick fog. At 10.30 A.M. a Tug came up to us with the "Cape Horn Pigeon" in tow. They took our line and started for the "Golden Gate". It's the last time for me! Of all the work man will undertake - That of whaling - takes the cake!"

At 2.45 P.M. we passed through the "Golden Gate"

In the Spring of 1894 however I was convinced that I should climax my Arctic whaling by going up to Unalaska in the passenger steamer "Bertha" Captain Hague commanding and there join the sailing Bark "Horatio" as boat header under Captain Eugene Pennington. George Donaldson went as 1st mate. Stephen Cottle was 2nd

mate. A Mr. Seymore was 3rd mate, and a Mr. Fitzsimmons was 4th mate.

I went on board the "Bark Horatio" at Unalakpa at 5.00 A.M. Wednesday June 27th 1894. We left to spend the Winter in the Arctic Ocean at 3.40 P.M. On Sunday July 8th I went cod-fishing. We got 10 barrels and salted them down. Later on we captured 2 bowhead whales and got 2 calves or "baby whales". Altogether that gave us about 7 to 8,000 lbs of bone.

We went into "Winter Quarters" at Herschel Island the 12th of October 1894. It was the first time for me to spend a Winter in the Arctic Ocean and enjoy the long Winter Night. I made up my mind to enjoy myself as much as possible and keep a record of how cold it got during the winter. The coldest day was 45° below zero on Thursday Dec. 20 1894. This is the fleet that went into Winter Quarters with us: -

The "Mary D. Hume" a steam whaler Captain Leavitt.
"Newport" " " Captain James Tilton
"Rosario" a sailing schooner no power Capt. Coffin

"The Triton" a Bark no power	Captain Haggerty
"Wanderer"	Captain (Little) Porter
"Trader" a steam whaler	Captain Charles Weeks.
"Fearless"	Mc. Kenna
"Northern Light" no power	Coagan
"Beluga" a steam whaler	Albert Sherman
"Novark"	Johnny Cook
"Jesse Freeman"	(Big) Porter
"Alexander"	"Bomb-Gun" Green

The Captain's wives who wintered there with their husbands were Mrs. Green, Mrs. Cook and daughter, Mrs. Sherman, and Mrs. Porter.

My diary says "Wednesday May 8th 1895 begins with a fine day. Thermometer reading 18° above zero. Light air from the N.W. Got 2 loads of fresh water ice. Our natives left us to go back home at 6.00 A.M. A girl was born on board the "Beluga" to Mrs. Sherman. She was named after Herschel Island "Helen Herschel Sherman".

On the Point or Sandspit at Herschel Island there were a few houses erected by the different

whaling companies. I remember the Norwood House and the Pacific Whaling Company's house but I have forgotten the names of the others.

At this point in my life I had learned to speak the Eskimo language fluently enough to make any Ipkilli, Nungitami, Nakoochuk or Cogmolloc native know what I wanted. I spent a great deal of my spare time with them. They seemed to like me and I liked them in return but I am near got drowned once in one of their Kyaks which were a Vee bottom skin boat of narrow beam and low freeboard. I was always welcome in their Igloos. We went after fresh deer meat together, we hauled fresh water ice (for drinking water purposes) and I whaled it with them, traded with them and lived with them. They were a simple, kindly people and I always respected them. Two things they could not withstand were the so called civilized man's alcohol and his contagious diseases. Measles alone killed hundreds of them in one season.

I never saw an Eskimo father or mother strike a child or even speak a cross word to their progeny but an Eskimos (or Musinkas as we always called them) were like an Indian, an elephant and some white men I have known in this one respect - They never forgot a kindness or forgave an injury and I can prove it.

There was a missionary called Bishop Rees who had a church on shore there at Herschel Island. He had "sledged in" from the Rampart House, an English Trading Post in Northern Canada. As long as his supply of crackers and lump sugar lasted the Musinkas went regularly to his services in goodly numbers. When his supplies gave out his Church or the "Christ House" as the Eskimos called it witnessed a shrinkage in attendance.

I have heard it said that the Eskimos had strange customs. They seemed strange to us perhaps but not to them. For instance: - at a certain time in the Spring of the year, seals come into a lagoon back of Herschel Island to mate. At that time the

Natives killed them using their skins for clothing and their flesh for food. I have eaten both whale and seal meat myself. When the seals started to come into the Lagoon all the women who were supposed to sew on seal skin garments would have to go over in back of a hill to live so that the live seals would not be able to see what was happening to their departed mates and refuse to enter the Lagoon.

In this particular Spring soon after the seals started to come in an Eskimoe Squaw by the name of Unaleena gave birth to a girl baby. The Seals stopped coming in and this state of affairs was blamed on Unaleena's baby which soon died suddenly. Rumor had it that Unaleena killed the baby herself and I do not doubt it. Why should I when she told me herself that she did?

Anyway the seals returned to the Lagoon and every thing was all right again until Bishop Peeries took it upon himself to punish "Unaleena". He brought her on board of Captain Tilton's ship and told

Captain Tilton what she had confessed to have done and stated that he was going to whip her to punish her for the crime and teach her better manners. Captain Tilton said "Bishop Reeves you will whip no Native on this ship as long as I am Master. If you want to whip her take her ashore to your Church but if I was you I would mind my own business!"

The good Bishop did as his conscience dictated and later he told Captain Tilton and Captain Coagan about it. Captain Coagan who knew the Eskimoes as well as any man who ever went among them said "What did she say when you were finished licking her?" "Why" said the good Bishop "these Esquimaux are like children. She laughed and when outside the door said Goodbye." "Outside the door and she said Goodbye eh?" interrupted Captain Tilton. "Well Bishop, take a dam fool's advice. If you want to reach the Rampart House alive, go down to San Francisco on a whaler this Fall. Don't try to go over land by dog sled. Ulaena is a Cogmoller!"

That Fall Bishop Reeves started to return

to The Rampart House by dogsled. He never got there! After a few days his Eskimo companions returned. To all inquiries they had but one answer. "The Christ man had gone on alone in a hurry!"

Years afterward Malleen's brother and I were going out after deer meat. We had stopped to make camp and "sleep out" a blizzard. Our dogs had been fed their allotment of frozen blubber and salmon and had bedded themselves down in the snow outside the tent for the night. Inside the tent I was in my deer skin sleeping bag and Malleen's brother lay in his.

During a lull in the howling Arctic Wind I said to him. "What for you no shoot rifle?" He gazed at me solemnly and replied "I shoot rifle one time - Kill big Arctic Grouse (partridge) No more shoot!" Nothing more was said but as I dozed off to sleep with the sound in my ears of the hiss and rattle of Arctic sleet striking the roof and sides of our tent I knew in my own mind that Bishop Reeves was the Big Arctic Grouse. Somewhere in an

ice crevasse or uncharted ravine in the great Arctic Wasteland laid the remains of Bishop Reeves with his sled and gear. None of his Esquimaux companions would ever go near the spot again. He had paid with his life for his Christian treatment of Malleng.

Those returning natives told the truth! "The Christ man went on alone in a hurry!" Killisnick Peeshucktoo!

The old Horatio left Herschel Island in July 1895 and we cruised without much success until September. Then we got caught in new ice near Jay Cape off Demarkation Point. We expected to have to spend another Winter in the Frozen North and went on short rations for we were becalmed and surrounded by "young ice". After two or three days we raised a Steamer's smoke. It was the Ocean going Tug Lackme carrying provisions into the Arctic Ocean. The Tug put a line aboard of us and towed us out of the ice and into clear water.

Our navigation troubles were not over however. Getting down to Return Reef we found the ice to be

land and fast on the Reef with no clear water in sight off shore. We anchored near Flaxman's Island. I took a whaleboat and crew and sounded along on the inside of the "Ground Ice" on the Reef. I found a passage through which led to Cross Island. Going back to the ship we put a tow line aboard of her and towed her along through the passage with our oars and whaleboats. In lots of places there was one foot or less between the bottom of the Horatio's keel and the rocky bottom of the Arctic Ocean. It was close work but the weather remained clear and the sea smooth. We anchored inside Cross Island and sent two boats ahead sounding all night. In this way we worked twenty miles more to the Southward and finally anchored at Peary's Island. We laid here for three or four hours in order to rest the boat's crews and then followed a whale boat and crew out through 3 - 3½ to 4 fathoms of water. The old "Horatio" draughted 18 feet, so in places we "roiled up" the bottom.

The next night saw us by Point Barrow

with clear water all around us. Here we found the whaler "Norwhal" commanded by my brother "Horace" The "Jesse Freeman" - Captain Porter, The "Orca" - Captain Mc Greggor and the "Rosario" - Captain Coffin.

They had given us up for lost! Maybe we would have been except for perseverance and intestinal fortitude. Possibly we could have got back to Herschel Island where help and supplies existed but then again we might never have been heard from again like the ill fated "Jeanette" Expedition.

This Expedition was headed by Lieutenant De Long in the old ex whaler the "Jeanette". He believed that a ship frozen into the pack ice at Herald Island would eventually drift through the "North West Passage" still in the ice. I remember that De Long asked "Stimber" Nye Captain of the whaler "Mt. Wollaston" this question. Said De Long, "As a practical Arctic man Captain Nye, what do you think of my taking the ice at this point and drifting through the "North West Passage"?"

Captain Nye rubbed the stubble of beard on his jaws and chin and replied, "If no one but you were going - I would say. Go Ahead! but as for you taking a crew of men in with you I say No! as not a dam soul will be saved and you will all go to Hell before you ever see the North West Passage!"

The old "Jeanette" entered the ice pack! Two or three of her men were later found dead on the shore between Cape Serge and East Cape. She had been crushed in the ice like an egg shell. Probably got caught in one of those "Devils Merry Go Rounds" that I have seen.

We returned to San Francisco in the Fall of 1895. If I had not asked for five hundred dollars "advance money" before I left 'Frisco on the Steamer Bertha, my family in Russell's Mills would have been rather hard pressed which fact caused me to steam out of San Francisco Harbor on March 5th 1896 as boat header with

Captain John Mc Guinness in the steam whaler
"William Baylies" Sam Smith went as 1st mate
I forget the name of the 2nd mate. Dan Harris
went as 3rd mate and Manuel Lopes was 4th
mate.

We cruised to the Okhotsk Sea in search of
bowhead and Right whales but we were very unsuccessful.
I was so disgusted that I made only eight or nine
entries in my diary such as Date of sailing, Date
of return, and report on amputation of moustache.

We caught one very small bowhead whale.
Out of his enormous mouth we got about 350 lbs.
of whalebone. Captain Mc Guinness caught the whale
all by himself. The rest of us sailed around
the little whale all day in our whale boats refusing
"to go on" and strike him. We told Captain Mc
Guinness that we could not get a good chance
and were afraid of the whale because of his
huge size. Captain Mc Guinness gave us a
lecture on whaling and told us that he was out
for a voyage and intended to carry back some

(2)

whale bone. He dropped down with a boat's crew and captured the little whale. (while it was asleep?)

We returned to San Francisco at 9.00 P.M. on Friday October 16th 1896

While coming back East on the train I kind of took account of stock and as a result of this Inventory — I decided to go whaling some more. It seemed as if the poorer voyages I made whaling — the fiercer I was to go —

So —

SENATE and HOUSE of REPRESENTATIVES		
State	Senators	Representatives
Alabama	2	10
Arizona	2	1
Arkansas	2	7
California	2	11
Colorado	2	4
Connecticut	2	5
Delaware	2	1
Florida	2	4
Georgia	2	12
Idaho	2	2
Illinois	2	25
Ill.-at-Large	2	2
Indiana	2	13
Iowa	2	11
Kansas	2	8
Kentucky	2	11
Louisiana	2	8
Maine	2	4
Maryland	2	6
Massachusetts	2	16
Michigan	2	13
Minnesota	2	10
Mississippi	2	8
Missouri	2	16
Montana	2	2
Nebraska	2	6
Nevada	2	1
New Hampshire	2	2
New Jersey	2	12
New Mexico	2	1
New York	2	43
North Carolina	2	10
North Dakota	2	3
Ohio	2	22
Oklahoma	2	8
Oregon	2	3
Pennsylvania	2	36
Rhode Island	2	3
South Carolina	2	7
South Dakota	2	3
Tennessee	2	10
Texas	2	18
Utah	2	2
Vermont	2	2
Virginia	2	10
Washington	2	5
West Virginia	2	6
Wisconsin	2	11
Wyoming	2	1
Total	96	435

Alaska and Hawaii each have 1 Delegate to the House of Representatives.
Philippine Islands has 2 and Porto Rico 1, Resident Commissioner, respectively.

MINERAL PRODUCTS	
MINERAL	CHIEF STATES
Aluminum	N. Y., N. C., Tenn.
Antimony ore	Idaho.
Asbestos	Md., Cal., Ga., Ariz.
Asphalt	Cal., Tex., Ill., Ky., Utah.
Borates	Cal., Nev.
Bromine	Mich., W. Va., Ohio.
Cadmium	Not separable by states.
Cement	Pa., Cal., Ind., Mich.
Coal, Bituminous	Pa., W. Va., Ill., Ky.
Coal, Anthracite	Pa.
Copper	Ariz., Mont., Utah, Mich.
Emery	Va., N. Y.
Feldspar (crude)	N. C., Me., N. H., N. Y.
Garnet, abrasive	N. Y., N. H., N. C.
Gold	Cal., Col., S. D., Alaska.
Graphite	Ala., Tex., R. I., Mich.
Gypsum	N. Y., Ia., Ohio, Mich.
Iron ore	Minn., Mich., Ala., N. Y.
Iron, pig	Pa., Ohio, Ill., Ind., Ala.
Lead	Mo., Idaho, Utah, Okla.
Lime	Ohio, Pa., Mass., Mo.
Magnesium	N. Y., Mich.
Magnesium chloride	Mich., Cal.
Magnesium sulphate	Mich., Wash., Cal.
Manganese ore	Mont., Ark., Va., Col.
Mica	N. C., N. H., N. M., Va.
Mineral waters	Wis., N. Y., Cal., Me.
Natural gas	W. V., Pa., Okl., Cal., Tex.
Natural gas gasoline	Okla., Cal., Tex., W. Va.
Oilstones, etc.	Ark., Ind., Ohio, N. H.
Peat	Ill., N. J., Cal., Ind.
Petroleum	Okl., Cal., Tex., Ark., Kan.
Platinum	Cal., Ore., Alaska, Utah.
Potash (K2O)	Cal., Md., Pa., Ind.
Pumice	Kan., Neb., Cal., Utah.
Pyrites	Cal., Va., N. Y., Wis.
Quicksilver	Cal., Tex., Nev., Ore.
Salt	Mich., N. Y., Ohio, Kan.
Sand and gravel	Ill., N. Y., Ind., Mich.
Silica (quartz)	Wis., Md., Cal., Nev.
Silver	Utah, Mont., Nev., Idaho
Slate	Pa., Vt., N. Y., Me.
Sulphur	Tex., La., Nev., Utah.
Talc and soapstone	N. Y., Va., Vt., Cal.
Tin	Alaska.
Tungsten	Nev., Cal., Col., S. D.
Uranium, vanadium	Utah, Col.
Zinc	Okla., Kan., N. J., Mont.

THE ALTITUDES OF THE GLOBE				
CONTINENTS	HIGHEST POINT	Elevation (Feet)		Below Sea Level
North America	Mount McKinley, Alaska	20,300	Death Valley, California	276
South America	Mount Aconcagua, Chile-Argentina	22,834	Sea Level	
Europe	Mount Elbrus, Caucasus	18,465	Caspian Sea, Russia	86
Asia	Mount Everest, India-China	29,141	Dead Sea, Palestine	1,200
Africa	Kibo (Kilimanjaro), Tanganyika Terr.	19,710	Libyan Desert	440
Australia	Mount Kosciusko, New South Wales	7,328	Lake Eyre, So. Australia	38

20.10.32.1

